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Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1868.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, where all communications should be addressed, and where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.—We shall be pleased to receive information from all parts of the country, on the active progress of the Arts of Music and Painting. We will pay especial attention to such information, and will duly chronicle all facts of interest. We invite all to communicate with us, with the assurance that such correspondence will meet with prompt and courteous consideration.

SCENE: THE GREEN ROOM AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time: Present and Mediæval. Costumes: Eccentric. Dramatis Personæ: The Trovatorists.

Miss Azucena Phillips. Dear me! half-past 8, and the curtain not up yet! How well the public bear it! I should not be so patient.

Manrico Brignoli, Esq. (loftily.) Cosa è il pubblico? che si lascia lo aspectare finché sarò pronto io!

Mad. Leonora de la Grange. Ah, mon cher Manrico vous avez tort! on doit toujours cour-tiser son publique!

Il Conte di Orkunadini. Zere, zey 'ave play ze overturle!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Azucena. What a splendid house, and how pleased every one seems!

Manrico (superbly.) Cara Mecss Pheel-eeps, ho cantato io! basta!

Orkunadini. I ave sing also p'raps?

Leonora. Oui, Monsieur, et admirablement bien?

Orkunadini. Alla—raight! ah, what for zay make such much applausements?

Leonora. Ce sont pour cette chere créature la Pheelips!

Manrico (patronizingly.) Ella merta questi applausi, non canta male la cara Pheelips! [Exit for scene, with his mother, who, how ever, look'd ten years younger than her son.]

A LITTLE LATER.

Azucena. I was certainly excessively pleased by my reception, and by the appreciation bestowed on my by-play where I recall the "blazing pyre." To my mind, it is a most appreciative house. (To *Leonora*.) You are in charming voice to-night, and look enchanting!

Leonora. Vous êtes trop aimable!

Manrico (indifferently.) Però, dicé la verità!

Orkunadini (entering.) Ave you 'ear ze grand encore zey give me for my song?

Manrico (coldly.) Si! Si, questa canzone viene sempre bissato!

Azucena (mischievously.) I hope the chorus have recovered from the terrible attack of "syncope" they had a short time ago.

Leonora. Oui et moi aussi, ils m'ont fait souffrir beaucoup!

Manrico (grandly.) Ah! non importa! i New Yorkesi non vengono in Teatro a sentire il coro! c'è un certo tenore che si chiama.

Tutti. Brignoli! Brignoli!

Manrico (complacently.) Grazie! Grazie! avete ragione amici!

Azucena. Oh, you conceited tenors. Do take this one on for the last scene, Count, and get him killed off immediately. [Exeunt.]

LAST SCENE. *Leonora* in black, in tears and white handkerchief, walking distressfully about, bearing much horticulture. *Manrico*, light as a zephyr and mad as a March hare, bearing ditto. Melancholy chorus in tower dolefully wailing *Manrico's Miserere*; but he would not die, and the curtain rose again to discover him as lively and animated as ever. In conclusion, this deponent testifieth that the band was, oh! so much too loud; that they and the chorus had direful twitching effects on his over sharp ears throughout the opera; and that, finally, with the exception of *Viardot Garcia*, *Miss Adelaide Phillips* is the best *Azucena* he has seen, though whatever character this artiste undertakes is so perfectly conceived and executed that the critic's occupation, like *Othello's*, is gone.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

The week at Wallack's has been signalized by the re-production of that stupid play, "Pauline," and in saying this, we can conceive no higher compliment to Mr. Wallack and his company, than to say that as bad as the play is, and as little interest as it has in its story, they made it acceptable to their audience, and held them to their seats to its close.

"Pauline" is a raw specimen of the sensational drama, beginning in a vampyre style, with murder all through, and ending with a cold-blooded death. The principal character, Count Horace, by Lester Wallack, is unworthy his talent, and was not worth his shaving off those really good whiskers to do. We see no reason why a vampyre should not wear whiskers, as well as any other man. *Miss Eytinge* made a dreary Pauline, and everybody else did all they could for the solemn churchyard production, which, notwithstanding its style, will, without doubt, attract audiences every time it is produced, though we do doubt whether it will really please the regular Wallackian audiences.

Just now, the sensation of the theatre line is *Maggie Mitchell*. This talented little lady is playing to jammed houses every night, and though she is running old pieces, she is *Maggie Mitchell*, and the public in recognizing that fact, do not seem to care what they see, in so long as they see *Maggie Mitchell*. She has passed the time of criticism, and stands to-day before the public as one of the few women of real genius on the stage. *Maggie Mitchell* has yet got her greatest triumphs to achieve, and these will be—however we may sneer at foreign opinion—on the European stage. Whenever she sees fit to make that European tour of which we have heard hints for the past two years, we predict for her one of the greatest successes ever achieved there, and that with all the memory of *Kate Bateman* and others.

Mr. J. W. Collier, who supports her, grows daily in the public estimation. He is a finished actor and gentleman, the latter that scarce commodity on the American stage, deserving notice by itself alone.

On Friday night, at the New York Theatre, Mr. Theall, the treasurer, had a complimentary benefit, which was a benefit in earnest. He well deserves all the attentions his friends can show him, if universal courtesy and attention to his duties are worth anything.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL MEETING was recently held some miles above New York, presided over by Professor Airy and attended by numerous delegates from *Iceland*, *Frigidzon*, *North Poland*, *Snowy Zembra*, *Chilly* and other localities below Zero. Professor Airy, who appeared much inflated, was coldly received by the assembled winds; one rough old whirlwind from sea, however, stamping his snow-shoes and foaming with anger because he was not conducting the business of the meeting, accustomed as he was to *over-sea* matters in general. This blustering old gentleman being jeered down by some disreputable side winds—present without invitation—Professor Airy floated up and said: "He begged the meeting's pardon, but could the meeting oblige him with a pocket handkerchief? There was really such a draught that (sneeze,) that—in short—an immediate pocket handkerchief was necessary!" The article having been found, Professor Airy sneezed again, and said: "The snows, and the frosts, and the ices, and the winds, and congelation generally, had been called together over New York to have the question submitted to them, whether for the last two months New York had not had enough of them? (Loud groans.) He did not wish to bring the matter to a dispute with the gusty delegates present, for as they all knew '*de gustibus non est disputandum*.'" (Ho! ho! Hi! hi!—one pert little breeze, in a cocked hat with Five Points, exclaiming, "You be blow'd!") "He thought New York had had enough, and he might venture to assert that New York thought so too, not having seen its own face for weeks, and being thoroughly worn out with its elemental warfare! Could not the delegates go elsewhere?" Here a stormy discussion ensued, some of the delegates taking off their freeze jackets and pounding away liberally and indiscriminately among the company; many tons of snow being shed in the conflict and settling thickly on our already half-buried city! Professor Airy finding it impossible to quell the tumult, declared the meeting dissolved, and it has been dissolving ever since, as New York and the inhabitants thereof thoroughly and disagreeably know.

N. B.—Our reporter brings us in a bill of sixty-nine dollars for the hire of a balloon to attend the *above* meeting. Though we are willing to allow every reasonable expense and do disburse untold sums, for interesting news from all parts of the world and several other places, we struggled with this balloon item, giving our intrepid and aeronautic reporter to understand we were not *balloonatic* enough to pay his preposterous claim, but decidedly, though blandly, referred him to Professor Airy and the winds aforesaid.

Mr. George W. Morgan, the celebrated organist, seems to be ubiquitous, for we hear of him, seemingly, from all sections of the country at the same time—from Albany, Philadelphia, Providence, Newark, Rhinebeck, &c. Now he is opening a new great organ, and then he is dashing off on a grand piano, and yet every Sunday we find him the presiding genius of Grace Church, New York. How he manages to accomplish this is, we suppose, a secret of his own.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst., Mr. Morgan will give a Concert at the Town Hall, Flushing, Long Island, on which occasion he will be assisted by Mrs. Marie Abbott, Mr. I. B. Poznanski, Mr. Gustavus Hall, Mr.

Charles B. Derby and Mr. Walter R. Johnson. The announcement is already making a commotion in Flushing and the neighborhood, so that we may expect to see the Town Hall crowded to overflowing.

A concert was given last Thursday evening, at the Rockland Female Institute, Nyack, N. Y., under the direction of Mr. A. Beuchel, the Musical Professor of the Institute. Mr. I. B. Poznanski, the celebrated violinist, assisted on the occasion.

The Liederkrantz Ball comes off at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening next, February 20th, and it is expected that it will exceed on this occasion, the fun, the humor, the social enjoyment, and the magnificent appointments of the previous seasons. The popularity of the Liederkrantz Ball is altogether unprecedented; it calls together all the beauty, fashion and wealth of the city, and a more brilliant assemblage cannot at any time be seen in this city or elsewhere on the continent of America.

IMPROMPTU.

The critic of the *Herald* is of music making hash,

All he cannot comprehend, he writeth down as—trash!

A fool's or woman's argument is the *Herald* man's, we wis,

Who knowing naught, brays out aloud!—'tis trash—because—it is!

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A comical episode occurred lately at a performance of the "Africaine" at Lyons. In the duet at the commencement of the fifth act, where the outraged Queen overwhelms her rival Ines with invectives and menaces, one of the negro guards, doubtless absorbed by the brilliant and passionate singing of Mesdames Meillet and Moreau, remained silent and spellbound on the stage while his comrades had retired in obedience to Selika's command to "d-e-rag Va-a-sco forth and ha! ha!" &c. The audience observing the distraction of this ebony *delectante*, seeing him fixed open-mouthed but moveless on the captivating accents of the two singers, began a titter, which melted into a chuckle and quickly grew into a full-bodied and general laugh. This naturally attracted the attention of the two artists to the impressionable "cullied pusson," and they of course yielded to the contagious hilarity! Our black friend at this point suddenly awoke to a sense of his position, forsook his "statue quo," and with his eyes all whites, turned round and made one tiger-like bound into the *coulisses*, leaving the public and the performers, as the Lyons journal hath it, "a prey to veritable spasms of gayety." After several moments calm was restored, and the duo was begun again, to be interrupted by peals of laughter, and it was not till after three cachinatory commencements that the two artists and the public succeeded in struggling through the duet, which never received such thunders of applause, and never created so joyous an effect as on that occasion. If that black were scraped, it is more than probable an incipient composer or artist might be found beneath!

Berlioz, writing from Moscow apropos of the concerts he has been directing in that far-away city, says: "We were 500 executants and 12,600 listeners! I will not attempt to

describe to you the applause for the fête music of Romeo & Juliet, and for the offertory of my Requiem I was recalled four times; it was the greatest impression I ever made in my life. The day after to-morrow they are to give me a fête in the Hall of Nobles, where all Moscow will be present. That over, I shall return to St. Petersburg, where I have still two concerts to give.

Artot and Wachtel are "Somnambulizing" at Berlin, at the Royal Theatre, where also a new ballet by Paul Taglioni, entitled *Don Parasol*, is in preparation.

The sisters Marchisio are still singing in Semiramide, at Cadiz now, and they are evidently conducting that disreputable Assyrian slowly but surely over the entire operatic globe, for to our own knowledge they have steadily adhered to this one opera for something like ten years; it is therefore not surprising that they sing its difficult music surprisingly well.

A French journal chronicles the remarkable fact that Ristori has been to see Niagara! Had the case been reversed, we could forgive and share our Parisian friend's astonishment.

Sims Reeves is singing "Wagner" at the London Monday Popular Concerts, pleasing much in the scene, "O, beauteous Star," from Tannhäuser.

Mr. John Francis Barnett announces his "Ancient Mariner" for St. James' Hall, with a band and chorus of 350 performers. His two sisters, known in Italy by the name of "Le Lorelle Dorea," will make their first appearance in England at this concert.

Mr. Robert Addison, the old and much respected music publisher of Regent street, London, died on the 17th ultimo.

M. Roger, the once popular French tenor with the disabled right hand, is now stage-manager at the Vienna Opera-house—an excellent appointment on all sides.

The splendid new Opera-house in Paris draws near completion. The streets round about it are to bear the names of Meyerbeer, Halevy, Scribe, Gluck. Rossini has long had a street of his own. There is certainly a richer sound about these streets than Fourth avenue, Twenty-third street, Forty-second street, &c., *ad infinitum*.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," recently performed in London, with such grand effect, should certainly be given here; such an intellectual treat is due to the musical amateurs of this city. We trust soon to hear this great work, greatly interpreted.

Solemn funeral music was performed at Baden-Baden, for the funeral obsequies of M. Benazet, the archimage of that wicked but beautiful watering-place.

A French writer gives the following eccentric explanation of the word "sac," so much alike in many languages. At the disruption of the tribes at the Tower of Babel, the first thought of each man was to secure his *sack de voyage*, and as he remembered the article, so he ever remembered its name; and all nations evermore called it *sac*. The force of derivation can no further go!

The great Conductor, Costa, is seriously ill at London.

Hauptmann, the great German so long and so honorably connected with the Leipzig Conservatory is just gathered to his Fathers, musical and otherwise, at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was attended to his

grave with every regret of his friends, townsmen and pupils, and has left a gap in musical Germany which will not easily be filled.

CHIPS FROM THE BLARNEY STONE AT IRVING HALL.

Last week we made especial notice of the fact that Dr. John T. Doyle would give an entertainment entitled as above, this evening. This week we recall attention to it from the benevolent fact that knowing the risability ability of the gentleman in question, we feel sure that everybody who goes to hear him will thank us for calling their attention.

We think the best way of telling what he proposes to do is to publish his programme, which is as follows:

IRVING HALL,
Saturday Evening, Feb. 15.

A WORD TO THE WISE AND N. Y.'s!

Though an Irish entertainment is expected to be a little *Moore-ish* in its character, there is little *Moore-ish* or *Sorrowscenic* about the present one, for we leave Araby hazy in one sense and take "Arrah, be aisy!" in another, hoping that public approval may assist us to convert the Dey of Algiers into a Night of All Cheers!

Musical Melange, Irish Melodies....Piano

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In the course of which Mr. John T. Doyle will jaun-t-ly *doy-late* on Erin in general, in language meant for the *earin'* of the audience in particular.

On Board the Boat from Holyhead to Kingstown.

Mrs. Pursell, a *purseless* lady of the "ould times," introduces herself; her relations and garrulations; Dublin Bay bay-u-tifully described by her; she confounds Ocean with Ossian, and tells "a tale of the times of old, the deeds of days of other years;" though poor she is still "worth an old song," which, having an appropriate title, is selected for the especial delectation of the audience.

Song, "Dublin Bay".....Mr. Matthison
Landing at Kingstown.

Fare play among carmen; Irish cars and characters; scarcity of good *yokes* and prevalence of good *jokes*; Tim Grady's "nate" outsider; Tim "dh rives" enquiries and his horse at the same time; his *convict*-ions anent the gent from Botany Bay; how he arrested himself for debt; his explanation of G. P. O. on the milestones; a "thrifle" on account; Tim's song; he asks for a certain song in return, and to come at this 'un it will be necessary to *coM-at-this'on* again, who will sing—

"The Colleen Bawn."

Tim gets into trouble, and into the
Dublin Police Court.

Mr. Frank Thorpe Porter, the Magistrate; Mary Ryan versus Bridget Murphy, a case more *hair-rending* than *heart-rending*; Tim Grady appears as a witness *wit-n-as-ton-ish* ingly dull comprehension; "passage of arms" between him and an Irish "Buzfuz;" Mr. Porter despises Coke and Littleton, but thinks *Æsop's Fables* the "real cheese," approves of calisthenics and prescribes the "real cheese," approves of calisthenics and prescribes the "treadmill"—"mille murder